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CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

Clearfield Republican

1864 FOR 1864.

Be composed every thought, and each violent motion,
That enmeshes my mind in life's treacherous snares,
Tis the hour that urges my pen to devotion,
To glance at the dying year's gladness and cares.
How darken'd the late smiling face of creation!
Time's wheels almost halt in their fleeting career,
As viewing the scenes of their own desolation
Glimpse behind, with a start, on the grave of the year.

On the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
A madness seized hold on the chief of our land,
And the patriot's eye shed the tear of dejection,
At a nation's dishonor, and war's bloody hand.
Laden, with many, life's hopes have soon ended,
Within the dark cover surrounding the bier—
Or to death's lonely halls, in slaughter descended,
And in blood made their beds with the grave of the year.

Then our flag proudly floating, with its blue-crimson flashing
Was nobly defended by hearts true as steel
But the negro's black banner their hopes quickly dashing,
Chilled those patriots' ardor and dampened their zeal.
For the Union, they thought, they so bravely were fighting,
And to punish the rebels, who, it might then, defied,
Their mistake they discovered, their fondest hope blighting,
Found mixed races their mission—Abolition their guide.

Still defending that banner with a Spartan devotion,
They in heaps pile their bodies on Gettysburg plain,
And the capture of Vicksburg swelled with proudest emotion
The hearts of those heroes who had bled not in vain.
Though the frenzy of madmen they viewed with alarm,
Yet they gallantly fought for America's name;
They spurred their base teachings so pregnant with harm,
While they added fresh laurels to their garland of fame.

The flag of our Old Democracy—
Our faith, our hope, our trust:
The oft-tried shields of freeman's rights
Now meekly sweeps the dust.

The Keystone state has recreant proved
To this, her former faith,
While others following in her wake
Embraced her partial death.

New Jersey, placed by Freedom's voice
Our views now to proclaim,
Deserves, as she shall soon receive,
The merit due to fame.

The home of gallant "Little Mac,"
The Mecca of the patriot's heart,
Though the tempests burst upon her soil,
Could not be moved by fear or art.

But freemen's sons will ne'er consent
To calmly lose their blood-bought rights—
Free speech, Free press their proudest boast
In fertile vales, on mountain heights.

They will not see their father's graves
Trod down by armed slaves
Rushing on like maddened waves
Red with human gore.

They will not see our banner bright,
Torn and trampled in the fight
By the foes of truth and right,
Torn to wave no more.

No! the boon those fathers won,
Led by glorious Washington,
Shall descend from sire to son,
Ages yet untold.

God will nerve the patriot's arm
To withstand the gathering storm—
Freemen's hearts are yet too warm,
To be bought with gold.

But Clearfield, My beloved home!
As my mind roves back o'er
The year that has passed
Never to return, I blush for thee!

The pup of a whiffet:—the tool of
A dirty dog called "Forney" (the same
John of Forrest memory, who doth delight
In gobbling up the sweet tit-bits
That fall from the table of his master,
The "great joker" hath been among your
Pine clad hills. By the aid of "wealth"
"Intelligence" and "beauty"—articles recently imported—
He hath discovered that your sons are
"Steeped in profound ignorance."
They know naught of the cultivated art
Of eating soup with a fork. The
Dainty napkin glides not o'er their honest,
Toil-bronzed features. Upon their mahogany
Sideboards glisten not quaintly carved
Bottles, nor sparkling glasses, fragrant
With the perfume of the grape of sunny France,
Or the banks of the Rhine. They have not been
Initiated into the mysteries of *fans*,
Monte, *loo* and other elements of knowledge [genec].
Peculiar to "recent settlers" of "wealth and intelli-
Oh, men of Clearfield! seek ye this
Knight of the quill,—this hireling *blackwood pecker*,
That he point you to these gentlemen
Of "wealth and intelligence?" Seek of them
Knowledge, and you will find it
In an empty pocket-book.

My song is o'er. My tale is done.
My oil is out. My money gone.
To dun my patrons is no sin,
Then go to the Devil—he wants your tin.

THE CARRIER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Clearfield Republican.
RECCARIA TOWNSHIP, DEC. 19th, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

"There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of Justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must."
Shakespeare.

Obstinacy, if it may be called a vice, is that
For which I plead. 'Tis not because 'tis right,
Nor because I love to advance into another's cause
Without he asks my aid. But since 'tis known
That man, within his breast, sustains
A quality which, perhaps, is not so gross,
Yet still too vile to adorn a Christian's heart,
I take the side of Obstinacy, when 'tis against
Cruel man's oppressions hurled.

Oh! how the brain rocks to and fro when
We get the unwelcome tidings, "man is wronged"
Does it not wring all our tender affections
And elicit our sympathies, with love so warm
That we, even lovers of law, could leap away
From the radiant joys of home, that beams
Rich with a modest pride, and rush,
With indignation kindled, and burning within
Our breasts, to avenge a liberty outraged,
And freemen deprived of Humanity's brightest,
Noblest gem.

Then harken! friends of right, a case is now
Before us, in its blackest, meanest form.
And demands our utter, hearty scorn.

When ministers of God's word are from
The pulpit driven, and forced to cease
To look for pecuniary aid from those
Who have "through the purest motives" joined
The "Disciplined Church of God" to find
The path that leads to grace divine,
Because they would not their souls degrade
In clamoring politics, to engender feelings ill,
And desecrate the sacred sanctuaries
Of Him, who despite the Devil's power
To foster tyranny, cherished in our minds
The hope, that Liberty would survive
The brutal blows she has received
By despotic hands.

Can we wonder, then, since these misdeeds
Of Fanaticism's vilest votaries, beaming
With sordid pride, in our faces flash,
That Obstinacy will arise towering above
The misty realms of a cringing heart
And feeble mind, to check
The encroaching strides of selfish, proud,
Power-loving man, upon the immunities
Of Christian ministers.

Who would, being gifted with the mind
Of manhood, o'er bow, in timorous dread,
At the "beak and nod" of haughty foes
Of human liberty—sacrificing his every claim
To freemen's abode in the society of noble men—
Sacrificing all the finer qualities that charm
The soul, that adorns the mind, and gives
Grace and religious firmness to the heart.

There is the eloquent, the high-minded
And learned *Jaffra*, he is the man,
If man he be, whom fanatics, of our time,
Adore. They, to contribute, do not refuse,
But empty their coffers in his purse.

And why? Is it because he merits your esteem
By preaching the glad tidings of salvation
Among the followers of the Cross? Not so!
'Tis because he, the voice of Christ unheeds,
And will, their fiendish minds to gratify,
Preach war and blood; and invoke
The curse of God upon the men
And women of the South, and will, for gold,
Barter the soul of men to fight against
The Constitution of his country—to annul
Its sacred laws; serving the Devil, robed
With the "livery of Heaven," and devoting a life
In the cause of sin, wrapped in the cloak
Of Religion, he thinks to hide his glaring crimes.

Him they reward and honor, and why
Do they not reward, esteem and honor those
Who will not

"Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As makes the angels weep?"

'Tis because in opinion, they differ with you
Fanatics and irreligious Demagogues,
Nothing else! They love their God and
Their "neighbour as themselves."

But I am tired of writing in blank verse, and think it time to
close; yet allow me to state that the action of the abolitionized
vampires who disgrace the community and assemble at the Oak
Grove school-house, and who are sucking away at the life-blood
of the nation, are known, and deserve the contempt of every lover
of human liberty in the land.

Rare bigots! Democrats can sustain their own ministers who
teach the doctrines which Christ inculcated in the Sermon on the
Mount.
Yours as ever, YOUNG NESTOR.

A countryman walking along New York, found his pro-
gress stopped by a barricade of lumber, and asked what it was for.
"Oh that's to stop the yellow fever," was the reply.
"Aye, I have often heard of the board of health, but I never
saw one before."

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief
for a rich bachelor, she means to sow in order to reap.

A man may smile and be a villain still.

THE SECOND CONSCRIPTION! SHALL WE HAVE A THIRD?

[From the New York Daily News.]
The second Conscription will soon be upon us. Those of our citizens over the age of twenty and under that of forty-five, who have not been blessed by fortune with the three hundred dollars which is to secure them from a forcible conscription, are already trembling lest fortune's fickle wheel may turn up their names and thus force them into the army to do battle, not against a foreign foe, but their own countrymen.

We were promised peace within sixty days after the war commenced—then the time was prolonged to ninety—then to six months, and then within a year it would certainly close. Enlistments then were made for three years or the war, and to fill the more than thrice decimated ranks of these three years, or the war men, the first draft was had, and now we are soon to have the second of the series. These new conscripts are to serve for three years, unless the war sooner close, and if Abolition holds rule, and contractors have their way, he who enlists or is drafted for the war, will die of old age, if he escape death in other forms, long before peace is restored. The thirty year war in Europe will find a parallel in the more than thirty-year war in America, and the child as yet unborn will be liable to the draft, if others than those who make fortunes by the war do not step in and close it by restoring peace to our distracted country.

Those who wish to put an end to this state of things, to bring back peace with all its blessings to the country are denounced as Copperheads—as scoundrels in their feelings, and as traitors in their hearts, by the very men who are engaged in plundering the soldier of his hard earned pay, and in swindling the Government by his shoddy contracts, and who now urge on a conscription which separates from his wife and little ones the husband, who has not the Government price paid to free each negro in the District of Columbia, to pay for his freedom from a forced draft to serve in the army.

The second draft will soon be upon us. The names of all liable to serve, are now in the hands of the Provost Marshal and his colleagues, and wives tremble lest their only support and that of their children be rudely taken from them, and they confined, like criminals, in an island fortress, until, surrounded by a guard, they are sent South to do battle and offer their lives that some General may get glory, and some Abolition contractor make money out of their blood and their services. As sure as the day of the second draft arrives, so will the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, be upon us, unless others than those now in power save the country from ruin and the people from slaughter. It can be done by the people demanding in thunder tones an honorable peace, for they would submit to none other.

The war has now raged with violence for near three years. In that time what what has been accomplished? Mr. Lincoln said, at its commencement, there was a Union feeling in all the Southern States; now the South is more united than was the people of the United States during the Revolution, which gave us a place among the nations of the earth.—Much as we may boast of our victories over the South, the Southern men can boast with equal truth of their victories over us. In all our boasts and in all our pride, the great fact that, at the close of the thirty-three months of war, with the largest armies the world has ever seen since the days of Xerxes, supplied and paid at an estimated cost of three million dollars per day, the great capitol of the Republic is still in danger from the Southern Army, and that not at a single moment has it been deemed entirely safe from capture, admonishes us that the war has been far from a success, and that the hundreds of thousands of brave men who sleep on the many battle-fields or lie in ditches in the hospital graveyards, have spilled their blood and offered up their lives in vain. This day, as the war is now conducted, it seems fatter from a close than the day President Lincoln called to the field seventy-five thousand men to crush the Rebellion. Then it was a war to re-possess the forts and other property of the nation, now it is conducted to devastate the South and to free the negro.

Why then not put a stop to it? Because it does not suit the purposes of the party in power. All the efforts made have been rendered abortive by the Administration and by the Abolition pressure which controls it. Close the war and government contracts must close, and colonels, generals, quartermasters, commissaries and sutlers go back to private life without fur-

ther power to draw pay for servants they never had, forage for ideal horses, or to plunder the soldiers by state food, or the government by contracts given to friends, who generally divide the spoils. The war at an end, "Othello's occupation gone," and men who never earned a dollar by honest labor, but who have made fortunes by the toil and death of others will find their proper level in the deserved contempt and scorn of all honest men. It is to support men such as these we have named—to continue power in the hands of misprudent ambitious men of the Abolition persuasion, who would rather rule half a republic drenched in blood, than live in a Union cemented by brotherly affection—that the war has been continued. To do this, it is necessary to have more soldiers, and hence the draft is to be put into execution, and men who believe the war might with honor have been avoided, are to be forced from their distracted and suffering families, and made to march where blood and carnage, sickness and death, are things of every day's occurrence. But a few months will elapse before the decimated ranks must again be filled up, and another and another draft will follow as sure as night follows the day, unless our rulers and their advisers are given to understand that the war must at once be bro't to an honorable close. This will not be done by those hybrid politicians calling themselves "War Democrats," for too many of them have a feeling and an interest in common with the ultra Abolitionists of the present day—the Abolitionists will not do it, for their interest and their ambition points in a different direction, but the People, the men of all parties, who love the Republic and its institutions, must take the matter in their own hands and form a great Peace party of the country, who will save us and themselves from another conscription, by saving the country from further peril, and restoring it to peace.

For the sins of our rulers, the people, we think, have been punished sufficiently, and it now remains for the people to remove this punishment from their shoulders. If they do not this soon, they will find the war, like the Old Man of the Sea on the back of Sinbad, fastened so effectually as to make it an impossibility, without forcible means, to shake it off.—The evil is upon them, and they must apply the corrective. If done soon it will spare future trouble, and it may spare them, too, the full realization of that greatest and most heart-rending of all curses—a repentance that comes too late!

WHO PAYS?

"Two car loads of contrabands numbering about a hundred and fifty, one-half of them men, arrived here to-day from Baltimore, to which city they were sent from Prince George's county, Maryland. The men not being fit for military service, are to be employed at the Giesboro Cavalry camps, and the women and children domiciled at Freedom's Village, in this vicinity."—Washington Cor.

What a comforting thought it must be to the loyal workingman, as he counts his pay on a Saturday night, to think that it is diminished about thirty per cent, which thirty per cent, goes to feed and clothe the contrabands, who, before he became so philanthropic, were clothed and fed at somebody else's expense. He will say to his wife: "You cannot have the trout, warm dress I promised you for this winter, and mind you no meat except twice a week, I cannot afford it. I have got to feed and clothe the colored people." He will say to his child, "no ride for you in the cars to-day, my child,—that five cents has gone to some little woolly heads."—What a glow of universal love will thrill his heart when he sees his own suffer in order that the poor black may be made happy. He will say to himself: "How lovely is freedom! Three short years ago, those immortal souls were in bondage.—They were no care to me, I never felt for them, I never thought of them, I had not to deprive myself of a single thing for their benefit. Now, thank God, they are free, and they are the objects of my dearest solicitude, and I have the pleasure of supporting them. True, my own children suffer for it—but still it is a great privilege, and I ought to be very thankful."

The only interruption that he might suffer to this self-satisfying train of thought might be the suggestion of some disloyal, traitorous, venomous Democrat, who might say to him: "But you are free too, and nobody supports you. You have to work hard enough for your week's wages, no one ducks off thirty per cent from their wages to keep you in idleness." To which the loyal workingman would naturally reply: "Ah, you secessionist!—you Southern sympathizer!" To this argument, of course, there can be no reply and nothing is left for the coward traitor to do but retire gracefully, singing the new song of "I'd be a contraband."—Phila. Age.

WHAT DEMOCRACY WOULD DO

Were the Abolition fanatics and the paper mongers outside from the throne which they so unworthily occupy, the question is asked what would be the positive action of their opponents or a substitution of a plain Democratic seat for the elevated divan of the monarch who now rules the country? The answer is easy.

There would be an immediate return to an obedience to the dictates of every section of the constitution, under the strictest rules of construction; there would be no tyrannical invasion of personal liberty; no government bastilles; no imprisonment on suspicion of what citizens might do;—no suppression of freedom of speech; no military interference with the elective franchise; no suspension of the habeas corpus.

These are the disabilities from which the States, once independent, would be relieved by the substitution of a Democratic administration for the present imbecility at the head of authority, and the corruption ruling its weakness. A Democratic administration not being infected with the "albo-negro" appetite for "spilling a little blood," would not have precipitated this war into the murderous conflicts that have slaughtered so many of our best citizens, and devastated so vast an extent of the most fertile regions of the country. The principle of conciliation, suggested at a timely period and supported by the Democracy, would have prevented all the mischiefs of ruinous warfare, its worst consequence—an irreconcilable feeling of animosity between the North and the South. Under a Democratic administration we should have a return to the Union as it was, and the Constitution in its purity.—Washington Cor., Union.

If the country shall be saved, the Union restored, and the Federal Constitution preserved, the work must be done by the Democratic party—Democrats are not alone in this belief and the expression of it. Go where you may, sentiments like the above greet you, and they are frequently uttered by men who never voted a Democratic ticket. Such sentiments are fast spreading, and the number who believe them is daily increasing.—Uniontown Gazette of Liberty.

The Bedford Gazette, speaking of the President's late Proclamation, well says:

"He now argues, thus: To restore the Union is to save negro slavery; therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, preferring the freedom of the negro to the restoration of the Union, will impose such conditions upon those persons in the revolted States who may be willing to return to their allegiance, as will send them back into the arms of Secession."

LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.—Part of the Republican press commend the President's Proclamation because it does not endorse the doctrine of State suicide, and the other portion because in does. This reminds us of the man who had an ankle in abolition, and being asked by one who had never seen such an animal before what it was, replied: "You pay your ransom—you want him bear, you have him bear; you want him wolf, you have him wolf."

The President wants the South to swear to support his abolition and emancipation proclamation as a condition for coming back into the Union, and the war is to be waged until they are forced to do it. If they would swear to support the Constitution they could not come. Now what is the war for?—Chilton Democrat.

An editor having read in another paper that there is tobacco which, if a man smoke or chew it, he will forget that he owes a dollar in the world," innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article!

The most direct method of determining horse power: Stand behind him and tickle his legs with a briar.

H. S. Tynell, a Connecticut countryman, was lately robbed of \$4,000 in New York, by female thieves.

Substitutes are growing scarce in New York. It is difficult to procure them for \$300, except in rare cases.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

Rear Admiral Farragut visited the Russian ships in New York on the 5th of December last.

Miss Bateman, the actress, is announced for "Deborah," at the Adelphi, in London.

Some of the Green Mountains are whitened with snow.

John B. Adams, an actor, lately died in Boston.